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that the people at the entrance of the harbour received him kindly, but when he left them, and was rounding a point, they shot poisoned arrows at him. So their descendants did kindly receive the bishop at the entrance, and then he saw them march off to the same point, and then they shot their arrows; but the bishop took Don Quiros's hint to keep out of range of their shot.

I cannot conclude this short and hasty sketch of them without saying that I have heard them trying to tempt some of us to come and visit their islands, and teach them our religion and civilization; and they have used the very identical words that the great myriad-minded poet puts into the mouth of Caliban; and I have often wondered at the insight he had into *all* human natures, when I have heard one of them say "ipsissimis verbis"

"I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,
And I with my long nails will dig the pigments,
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rocks."—*Tempest*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

And I will only add this one word about the curious way in which they get fresh water on some of the coral islands, such as Nangone, where there is none on the surface. Two go out together to sea, and dive down at some spot where they know there is a fresh-water spring, and they alternately stand on one another's backs to keep down the one that is drinking at the bottom before the pure water mixes with the surrounding salt water.

XXIV.—Observations on the Inhabitants and the Antiquities of Easter Island.

MY DEAR —,

H.M.S. Topaze, Dec. 1868.

We left Callao on the eve of 21st October, and were off Easter Island in the early morning of November 1, doing our 2100 miles nautical in 230 hours. The look of the island was not promising, as we saw but three houses. Two boats made for the ship; in one was a French captain, M. Bornier, who had lost his schooner, which brought from Tahiti all kinds of things necessary for a settler, and after doing its work was wrecked in the bay. There also came off to us some Kanakas (natives), who we found were Christians, the result of the labours of Pères Roussel and Gaspar, of the Mission du Sacré Cœur. A party of us called on the Pères in the afternoon. They had been on the island some three years; and one of the devout attendants at our morning service on board had intended, on their first landing, to have had a finger in the pie constructed *of* M. Roussel (they having made a

banquet of some Spaniards four years ago). There had been a missionary before; but he had been only a slave to the head chief. When M. Roussel landed, it happened that one of the principal chiefs took up a stone with a menacing gesture and made as though he would brain him; but Roussel was equal to the occasion, and quietly felled him with his walking-stick, then pursuing his walk into the village. This settled matters, and the Pères have lived quietly ever since. There was a huge plundering of the islanders about four years ago: some seven ships, chartered by Peruvians, buccaneered, it is said, about 1500; and now there is but one settlement on the island, of about 900 people, and only one third females. As the deaths double the births, probably soon only records of this people will exist. You will easily see, in 'Cook's Voyages,' what are the lions of the place, the great images, which are not idols, as the people believed in one Spirit-God ("Maké Maké"), who made man grow from the ground. Two of the smaller images have been removed from the island and taken on board, viz. Hoa-Haoa of Makeveré (*i. e.* Place of the great Centipede), and Hoa-Haka-Nana-Fa of Tau-re-rence; they are destined for the British Museum. These were the work of a former race; the present one came here more recently, banished, it is said, from Oparo, or Kapa-iti, as they call it. There must have been at one time an abundant population, and they appear to have adopted the religion which they found upon the island.

When we landed, there was a grand crowd, all men. The clothing was a minimum, just a maro, or a kind of square blanket made of the paper-mulberry shrub fibre. Some, however, had shirts, and even hats, coats, and trowsers, got from whalers; some printed calico roundabouts—a very motley crew, all equally noisy and exultant, and crying the welcome "Koho-mai" ("How d'ye do?"), all wishing to walk near you, shake hands, sell and buy, to have backsheesh of tobacco, anything, and above all things one's breeches. One of the chiefs we met (of whom there are but four now) particularly coveted mine, and wished me much to exchange them for his baton of office. The people are not tall, nor clean, nor robust, olive-coloured like the Tahiti people; some of the younger ones have very intelligent faces. Tattooing is being proscribed, and is not much seen except among the older ones; but, strangely, the women, who have not much tattooed in the other islands, are here tattooed from below the girdle.

The houses are small, the largest 30 feet long and not more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ high, made of grass, in the same way as a beehive, but in shape like a sausage. The door is only about 18 in. each way—no chimney, or window; and to close it they use a net, to keep out the fowls. The people huddle together in these hives

just like bees ; no wonder, then, that consumption (which they believe infectious) should be making terrible inroads among them.

We went up to the Mission ; and near the Cook's Bay is a church and school, in charge of Père Gaspar ; close by in a yard we saw a lot of rabbits, which have been brought here, as the only animals on the island are rats ; there are of plenty of flies, dragonflies, and butterflies, a few beetles, centipedes, &c. ; but I saw no traces of worms. At present there are no trees on the island (all that there were having been destroyed in the islanders' wars) ; there are a few shrubs, as the paper-mulberry (*Miro-miro*) and a kind of pourou-tree (the hibiscus). There are in the gardens many of the useful herbs, as onions &c., also some grapevines, but in sorry plight ; and even the hardy acacia does not flourish. The natives manage to grow the paper-mulberry by planting it in enclosures with walls of lava some 4 feet high. The sweet potato and sugar-cane are indigenous, and also some kinds of yams and bananas ; and Indian corn is being planted. There is also a gourd, which seems to have been much used as a bottle. The soil and look of the ground are extremely similar to that of the island of Mauritius, and so it, of course, will grow anything if only water is given it. But the people are awfully lazy, improvident, and profuse. There seem to be plenty of fowls ; and on inquiring what certain squarish buildings were, 5 feet high by 10 feet long, I was told hen-houses, where the fowls go to lay and brood.

The next day (Monday) I did not land, but the Pères came on board. On Tuesday I went (with Commodore Purvis) to Ovinipoo (*i.e.* the platform) at the other side of the island (see Chart). The walk was a tedious one, all the surface of the ground being uneven with lava stones of various sizes, the paths big enough to admit one foot before the other, and a dry tufty yellow grass about eight inches high, very fine and slippery, growing everywhere. There is also the common vervain, which has, after being imported by M. Bornier, grown to preposterous dimensions everywhere, in some places shoulder high ; a tall sedge is equally abundant. I may here say that the language is so poor that all these things, even the paper-mulberry, are called Moo-koo (synonymous, I think, with "green stuff"). The island being eminently volcanic, one finds long flattish valleys and plains, with rounded hills mostly having craters ; so that, in addition to the lava, everywhere one finds splinters of obsidian (volcanic glass) ; and on the left of our path was a huge hill which I was told was almost entirely made of this substance. Halfway we passed Makaveré. On getting to the platform we found the whole place in ruins, the images thrown down long since. The platform was at least 60 feet long, and made of huge dressed blocks of lava from 7 to

8 feet long, fitted together without mortar, and not plane, but slightly rounded. Since the images have fallen, there has been built under three of them, whose chests were just visible in the twilight, a crypt, to which there two entrances, just big enough to crawl into. We found many bones : they were stout ; but on putting the skeleton together, I found the man would not have been more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, but very muscular. I could not feel sure of the date of the skulls, one of which resembled the New-Zealand heads. The images were all on their faces, which were hidden in the earth and rubbish, all falling N.W. They were comparatively small, 16 to 17 feet high, of grey conglomerate lava. Their hats (?) made of red vesicate lava (and which come from only one quarry on the island) were much decayed by weather. Near the platform, and of the same material as the hats, was a queer pillar with a saddle-shaped top, on which "dead" (probably victims) were exposed. I saw a lot of burnt bones at its base. Further on was a very well made one. There is also another pillar, about which I don't like to hazard conjecture ; also a cemetery (Papa-koo).

Everything was in ruins ; but yet on all sides there were proofs that the ground had been in a state of high cultivation—for instance, the presence of the three or four stones piled on one another which taboo the plantations from filchings. Yet now nothing but patches of miserable self-planted sugar-canes and half-hoed potatoes are to be seen. On asking if there was any water, which in old travels is said not to have existed, we were directly taken to a very pretty natural grotto in the lava cliffs on the sea-shore. There was a small tunnel and also a tunnel just big enough for a man to enter. We sent in a small boy ; and from the time he took, I think it must be about 20 yards long. The water was very cold, and pure, with a suspicion of iron. After lunch we started away up to the crater Te Rano Kau. We passed one crater quite old, whose floor had been planted for ages ; near it was an image whose name I forget, and another cemetery, more recent ; and at last we came on really a superb crater, about 500 feet in mean depth and over 1000 yards across at the bottom. The edges are irregular in height ; all the centre is filled with water, on which bay-plants, &c., have grown, so as only to have left a few pools. Our youngsters took headers into some of these, and found there were 26 feet of water in some. The edges and sides of the crater are covered with grass wherever it can grow, high shrubs at the bottom ; and M. Bornier has quite a farm plantation down there on the sheltered side. We sent down a boy for a bottle of water, which is good enough. According to Forster (*Cook's Voyages*) you would think no people could live where there is so little water ; but it is really

not so scarce as he thinks. There are signs (and tradition confirms them) that once there must have been plenty of trees; and I saw watercourses. Now the natives continually chew sugarcane and raw sweet potato, which tastes like chestnut, to quench thirst, and will not take bad water.

The next day (Wednesday) I did not land, as I was preparing for a distant war-path. I wanted to see the place where the lava images were made (crater of Otu-iti), and whence the legend says they walked in the time of King Tou-Kou-you, who after death was changed into a butterfly. So four of us started the next day (Thursday) to Otu-iti ("the little hill"). We had five very intelligent youngsters with us as porters. We landed about eleven, and about midday came to the crater where the hats are. Some of them are very large, one over $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter. You may imagine the trouble it must have taken to send its hat to each respective wearer.

As a rule, the island is easy walking; but the paths are trying. We saw abundant signs of cultivation everywhere; near the hat crater was a small spring of sulphuretted-iron water, which we found very good to quench thirst. After one hour and a half's walk we sat to rest in a grove of bushes 10 feet high, found water again, but not very good. Then we struck towards the shore, and soon came to a huge platform, on and about which were scattered the remains of fifteen images, one of which measured 24 feet. This platform had two terraces and a queer-shaped red lava pillar, on which I found two very bleached skulls of youngish people; plenty of bones about and over all the platform; more platforms in sight all along the coast. The images are all very much defaced, and, as a rule, face downwards. There were saddle-shaped corpse-stones and cemeteries near, abundance of good fresh water, and a nice little bay in the neighbourhood; wind foul for landing. From this platform we passed by another, and more cemeteries, and the road was more level and broad—though, as we went by the path of the coast, it was the reverse of straight. An iron-bound coast, no trees, no flowers, no natives, no beasts but timid rats, an island of the dead. Then we began to meet the images on their walk from the crater; as they had not yet been on their platforms, they had not their hats on, and were lying face downwards. Some were very large, 30 feet or more, and all of the same material, quite overgrown with lichen. We began to count and measure them accurately, but soon gave it up, as there were such a lot of them on each side of the road. I did not find out that they had yet been named. We walked on, and at four o'clock came to Otu-iti; and there were the images, a vast quantity, faces 20 feet long, many of them standing, and in superb condition, but not on platforms, nor had any of them hats on.

We have had a discussion with our guides as to where we should pass the night, and finally decided for the crater, where there was shelter and water. So up we went, such a climb! You should have seen our night-chamber, just a shelf of rock on the edge of the crater, whence an image had been dislodged, so that the hollow provided us with roof and bed. It was 5.30; and as the sun set at 6.30, no time was to be lost; so, while my friends looked after the provender and fire and sent for water, I saw dry grass plucked for bedding, and raised on a line of vervain bushes a curtain of dracæna-leaves to keep out the wind. We had dinner and a pipe, and at 9.30 subsided.

At 5 A.M. (Friday) we were up; and after breakfast I went at my sketches. Close to our resting-place was an unborn image, the pretty dear was only about 24 feet long, had but one eye as yet; but his face was "the moral of papa's," his back holding on stoutly to the parent lava. We saw several in course of production. It seems strange that all these giants should have been sculpted without any metal tool. Of this we have proof. On the beach are formed long pebbles of hard lava, like a rolling-pin (native name, "Te maia Eringa runga"). These were mostly made into chisels, each very like a monstrous front tooth, by being first chipped and then rubbed down on some harder rock, such as obsidian. I had sometimes wondered why odd lumps had been left on the finished image; but time explained it; the lumps were harder than the chisel, and so were left. One of these is going to the British Museum.

The crater of Otu-iti is, for size, nothing in comparison to that of Te Rano Kau; but at one place there are cliffs of grey lava 300 feet sheer. This is close by the outside images which, as well as the inside ones, can by no person be thought uninteresting. Towards the sea, about a mile off, was a platform, where there were some twenty images of the largest size. I do not think I said that they have always their backs to the sea. These twenty looked, from where we were, like a huge battery with guns in position. The crater also was quite overgrown with tall reeds &c., so that, once on its level, you could not see your way, and in walking you sank in.

After filling our water-flasks, we left about 8.20, this time by the direct route. Plenty of cultivation still evident (taboo-stones, &c.); but the images are gods of the sea and not of the plain, so we passed only two, 24 to 27 feet, and very few cemeteries. We found no good water till we came to the hat-quarry, and reached the ship early in the afternoon.

Next day (Saturday) I proposed to go to the grottos I had heard were up near the crater Te Rano Kau. I had heard that it was a long uphill walk; but as our people had got the image

(four or five tons) thence, I thought I might get up. Judge of my surprise when I found that in all essential particulars they are just like Picts houses at Moss-gail, on Sir J. Mathieson's estate, near Stornoway, in the Hebrides, where, many years since, I had much pleasure in looking over some of the most interesting remains (called Druidical) in Britain. The entrance to each house is very small (20 inches medium), a kind of portal like a square drain some 5 feet long, hollow underneath and flagged, the drain extending some feet outside as in the Duns in Shetland, and Carloway in particular. This drain the guides said was for the "dead" (victims?). This entrance opened into a hall, about fifteen paces long by five paces wide and $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. I paced one large one: the side flags were 3 or 4 feet high above; then came a series of flattish tiles of stone, piled over like oyster-shells, and, for the roof, long thin slabs, the whole covered with earth; no stone pavement. There was a great deal of a small periwinkle growing. Opposite the entrance were rude mural paintings in red ochre, usually of "Rapas." I cannot tell you the meaning of this word, as no one could tell me; a thing like a double paddle which they shake in the dance is also so called. Overhead, on the tiling flags, were "Aronies." I was told they were birds, but tradition does not say of what kind; they have mostly the toucan bill, somewhat penguin-shaped body, but, in some cases, hands and feet (see Catherwood's 'Central America'). Some of the paintings were recent enough, as I saw ships with rigging, horses, sheep; some of them very old.

The image Hoa-Hava Nana-Ta is the sacred image of this place (there was no other there); so all the natives told me; and I went into many barrows but found none. He also had his back to the sea, and faced the crater. I did not count the number of the houses, but think there must be more than a hundred. Some have one, some two chambers; some, little chambers outside; all, their little blind drain for the dead. The barrows are irregularly built, so as to take advantage of the ground and extend quite to the edge of the cliff. The vervain has so overrun them as to make it difficult to plan and number them at a rapid visit. At the end of this settlement, which is close to the gap whence the lava escaped, almost all the blocks of lava are more or less sculptured; but as they are weatherworn, and the material perishable and overgrown, it is difficult to make out the design—so much so that I made the coloured sketch I sent you without perceiving at the time that one represented a face, which quite startled me on looking at my work. I wish I could have spent some hours, nay, the whole night, up there, working away with my pencil; but at 2.30 was the last boat, and so duty called me away from a most interesting place.

J. L. PALMER.